

PE

with their case managers, coming for poetry or cooking or a boxing group, using the computers, or simply hanging out on our old and overused couch. It's frequently noisy; someone always needs something and while I love the energy of the space that we've created, it can be tough to get much paperwork done in this environment.

After-hours, when all the girls and staff have left, is often my time to finish writing that grant that's overdue or respond to the never-ending stream of e-mails that I can never seem to stay on top of. Tonight, though, I have no plans to be here till the wee hours; I've promised myself that I'm leaving in ten minutes. *The Soup* is on and I have a new *InStyle* magazine to read. After a long day and a long week, it's a perfect Friday night plan. **Narrative**

③ When the office phone starts ringing, I'm almost tempted to ignore it and run out the door, but instead find myself answering and agreeing to a request to come to a foster care agency to meet a fourteen-year-old who's just been picked up off the streets. Since we're the only nonprofit in New York State designed to serve commercially sexually exploited girls, calls like these are common.

Tonight the on-call staff is already at home in Brooklyn, so I figure it's easier and quicker for me to just grab a cab downtown, do a quick assessment, try to make the girl feel safe and comfortable, and then transfer the case on Monday to one of my staff members. I figure I can still make it home in time for *The Soup*'s 1 a.m. rerun and my weekly date with Joel McHale.

④ Ten minutes after arriving at the agency, though, I'm grouchy and wishing I actually had let the phone ring; the security guard gives me a hard time about getting into the building and the two staff workers on duty act as if I'm invisible. I'm deposited on a bench in the hallway by another staff person who then disappears for almost an hour, time well spent writing furious e-mails in my head to the agency's supervisor detailing what constitutes an emergency call on a Friday night and what doesn't.

x very serious of her work.

mood  
③ G.S.M.  
- emergency  
- nursing  
- others  
- phone

Characterization: Lloyd is only human! Adding her experience/feeling at 2:15 hrs makes her relatable.

Metaphor  
- work that she can see in clay on top of.  
Metaphor  
- that her work fighting against sex trafficking is never over.

- since "common" should they have more?

Charles Dickens?

Setting: dull, morose foster care agency.

③ I'm struck as always by the sterile, clinical atmosphere of the agency. This newly renovated center had been unveiled with much fanfare from the city. In fairness, it stands in stark contrast to the prior building, which had been Dickensian in its disrepair, yet I can't help feeling that they've really missed the boat with this new facility. Though it is clean, the harsh fluorescent lights and pale green walls, with the long hallways decorated with nothing more than a few child abuse hotline posters, don't really add up to a warm feeling. I couldn't imagine being a child who was brought here (actually, I could and that was worse). If you ended up here, it was likely after repeated abuse or neglect. You would probably just have been removed from your home, a terrifying experience even if you did feel lucky to escape. Now you were in unfamiliar territory, with strangers, in one of the most child unfriendly spaces in the city. I guess this thought had occurred to people other than me, because at least the living areas for the infants and toddlers had a wall mural and some brightly colored plastic furniture. Someone must have figured that the older kids didn't need color or a semblance of warmth, as the only thing that decorated the walls of the girls' unit were some pictures ripped out from *Essence* and *Honey* magazines. Clearly one of the staff had tried, but the effort is almost comical: a few magazine pictures, curled at the edges, of happy black women and girls, fashionable and beautiful, eating, laughing, celebrating life. I guess that a concerned woman of color who worked there desperately wanted the children of color, the overwhelming majority, who came through the doors to see images that looked like them in vastly different circumstances. Yet the sparseness of the unit in contrast with the staged, golden-lit happiness of the models makes their picture-perfect lives seem all the more unachievable and remote. I decide to once again offer my five decorating cents (warmer, brighter paint; colorful pictures; curtains; lamps; throw pillows) to the director before I leave.

Mood: despair.

Irony: What's meant to be uplifting is doing the opposite.

I M o b  
a p d c c  
y

Pathos  
- the story she doesn't help the situation at all.

Fore shadowing  
- does color play a role in sex trafficking?

RACHEL LLOYD 2.)

author,  
former victim,  
founder of  
GEMS



4.) Visual of title, front and back. Picture of many girls, (some) and the author.

1.) Girls Like Us

Title: there are  
of sexual trafficking  
are just ordinary  
people, like us, put in  
bad/horrible situations.

Fighting for a World Where

Girls Are Not for Sale:

A Memoir

2.) Genre:

narrative  
nonfiction

7.) Topic of Text

human  
trafficking!

HARPER PERENNIAL

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